

NURSERY
Conversations.

Price Four-pence.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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FRONTISPICE.



Nursery Conversations.

See Page 42.

Leamire Wood
From her Harmonia
CONVERSATIONS,

WITH
CHILDREN

Of three and four Years of Age.

SECOND EDITION.

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Nursery Conversations.

CONVERSATION I.



DOES my little boy love his
dear papa and mamma?

I think he does.

Little Marten cannot take care
of himself. It is his good papa
who lets him live in his house,

and eat fruit out of his garden; and it is his kind mamma who has nursed him when he was as little as the baby, and who makes him frocks, and gives him his breakfast and dinner.

Papa takes Marten many pretty



walks in the fields: he shews him the lambs and the flowers; he tells him their names, and teaches him many things which little children cannot know till they are told about them.

Papa sometimes carries Marten in his arms when he is tired with walking. What a good papa!

Dear mamma tells Marten pretty stories about the mouse, and about the cat and the lion; and she shews him his letters, and will teach him to read, and to be a good boy.

Will not little Marten love his dear papa and mamma; and try to be good, that they may love him?



CONVERSATION II.



WHO gave Marten his dear
papa and mamma?

Was it not that good God who
lives above the sky?

God is very good to Marten.

There are many little children
who have not a good papa and mamma
to take care of them, and teach
them: should not Marten thank
God for being so good to him?

Marten must kneel down every morning when he gets up, and



every night before he goes to bed, and thank God for keeping him well, and giving him so many good things every day.

Who takes care of Marten when he is asleep?

It is God who takes care of us when we are asleep, and when the night brings darkness and we cannot see; then God takes care of us, for it is never dark where God lives, and he will not let any harm come to us when we are asleep and cannot see, if we ask him to take care of us: for God is very kind, and loves little children, and great people, if they try to be good.

Will not Marten try to be good, that God may love him?

CONVERSATION III.



COME, dear Marten, and look at the lambs playing on the grass. They do not quarrel and fight; they are never angry. If children are fretful and passionate, are they like little lambs?

See here is a good man come into the field: look, mamma, the lambs follow him.

He is come to take care of

them ; and he will not let the great dog bite them, and hurt them.

Jesus Christ lives in heaven, above the blue sky. He calls good little children his lambs, and loves them dearly.

Jesus Christ came down from heaven to do good to little children, and wicked men nailed him to a cross.

Marten must ask God to forgive him for being naughty, because Jesus Christ died on the cross to save him from God's anger.

Jesus Christ will take little children who are good to heaven when they die; but naughty children go to a place where there is a great fire to burn them.



CONVERSATION IV.



HOW many days are there in
the week?

Sunday is the first day.

Every body goes to church on



Sunday, when the pretty bells ring
to call us to church.

Why do people go to church?

They go to church to pray to God to forgive them for being naughty. They must thank God for all the good things which he gives them, for we can have nothing but what God pleases to give us. We must ask God to love us, and make us good, and take us to heaven when we die.

Can we make ourselves good?

No: but God will make us good, if we pray to him.

Does every body die?

Yes: but every body does not go to heaven. Nobody can go to heaven, if God does not love him and make him good.

Pray, God, make Marten a good child, for Jesus Christ's sake, and take him to heaven when he dies.



CONVERSATION V.



THE Bible is read at church: we must listen, that we may know what it is about.

You know the Bible when you see it, and you will like to hear what is in it.

The Bible teaches us what we must do that God may love us.

There are a great many stories in the Bible about good men and

women, and good children; whom God loved, and took to heaven when they died.

I will tell you one story now, if you will sit very still, and listen.—There was a naughty king, who ordered that nobody should say their prayers: he was very naughty indeed. But there was a good man, who knew that God could not love him if he did not say his prayers; and so he kneeled down, and prayed to God. Somebody saw him saying his prayers, and told the king; and the king was very an-

gry, and ordered the good man to be shut up in a great den with some hungry lions: but God loved the good man and would not let the lions hurt him, because he did as God had ordered him to do.

Could any body but God have kept the lions from hurting the good man?

No: we must do as God bids us, and he will not let any thing hurt us.

CONVERSATION VI.



MONDAY is the second day of the week.

What must be done on Monday?

As soon as we rise every morning we must thank God for taking care of us while we were asleep, and letting us live longer, that we may try to be more good, and fit to go to heaven. We

must ask God to keep us from being fretful or passionate all the day. And little children should say, "God, teach me to mind what my dear papa and mamma say to me; that I may grow in favour with God and man, as my Saviour Jesus Christ did, when he was a little child like me."

Little children should try to learn their letters, that they may be able to read about Jesus Christ in the Bible: for if they are good like him, every body will love them as Jesus Christ was loved.



Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; and then comes pleasant Sunday again.



CONVERSATION VII.



MAMMA said she would take Marten to walk in the garden.

Yes: but it rains.

Marten wishes it did not rain.

Marten is a silly boy: he does not know that if there was no rain there would be no corn to make bread, nor any strawberries, nor flowers, nor any thing pretty in the garden.

Rain makes the corn to grow.

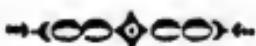
Who makes it rain?

It is God who sends the rain. He loves us, and sends us rain to make the grass grow, that the cow may eat grass, and give us milk.

When the grass is grown very long, then John will cut it, and make it into hay, that the cow may have something to eat in the winter, and give us milk for our breakfast.

God is very good; to send grass for the poor cows and horses. He is good to every thing: and we should be kind to every thing which God has made, or God will not love us.

CONVERSATION VIII.



NOW the sun shines again,
will dear mamma and sister
walk in the garden?

Pretty bright sun! Did God
make the sun?

God made the world, and every
thing in it. God made the sun to
give us light. We could not see
without the sun: you know, it is

soon dark night when the sun goes away.

The sun makes us warm. When the clouds cover the sun, then it is cold. If the sun was taken away, the flowers would die, and the grass; the birds and the cows would die; and we should all die.

Let us thank God for giving us a bright sun to light us, and to warm us.

The sun goes away at night, when we are tired with our work; and then we all lie down to sleep.

When the sun comes in the

morning, the birds are glad, and they sing for joy. We should be glad, and thank God.

Marten must learn a pretty hymn, to sing in a morning when he awakes.



CONVERSATION IX.



WILL dear papa come home to night? Look, mamma, the sun is going away: I am afraid he will be in the dark; and he has a great way to ride. Poor papa!

I hope papa will not be quite in the dark. Can any thing give him light besides the sun?

Let us go to the hall-door, and

look around us. What is that pretty shining thing among the trees?

O, I do think it is the moon: but can papa see it among the trees?

It will soon be a great deal higher; and then it will give us more light, and shew papa his road home. What a kind moon!

But can Marten tell whom he is to thank for making the moon to light us when it would be dark night? The same God who lives in heaven, and knows what we

want, gave us that pretty moon,
that we might have light when
the sun is gone away.

Let us go in, and thank God
for giving us so many things that
are good for us; and ask him to
take care of dear papa on his
journey, and bring him home safe
to us.



CONVERSATION X.



DEAR mamma said she would tell Marten a story when she was not very busy.

Yes: if Marten will listen, that he may know what it is about.—There was once a little boy: we will call him Robert. Robert had a kind papa, who said to him, “ My little boy, you may walk in my garden, and you may run



and drive your hoop on the walks; but you must not touch any of the flowers."

Now Robert was not a good boy: he did not always mind what his papa and mamma said to

him. So he went into the garden to play; and he saw a great many pretty white flowers growing in a bed among green leaves; and Robert went and gathered some of them.

Now after a great many days and nights, Robert looked among the green leaves, and the flowers were gone; but he saw some fruit. And his papa said, “We will get these strawberries: they are ripe, and I think they will be very good.”

Robert dined with his papa and

mamma; and after dinner there was a nice dish of fruit set on the table: it looked pretty, and smelled sweet; and Robert thought that his papa would give him some. His papa gave every body some; but when it was Robert's turn to be helped, his papa said, "I am sorry, Robert, that I cannot give you any strawberries. Do you remember that you gathered the white flowers from among the leaves? Those white flowers would have been strawberries, and then there would have been some for

you." Little children are always punished in some way, when they do what their parents forbid them.



CONVERSATION XI.



WILL dear mamma go to see poor Mrs. Clarke, and let little Marten take her the nice pie which Anne has made for her? I will go and ask for a basket to carry it in.

Yes: but Mrs. Clarke is a very good woman; she does not like to see naughty boys.

Mamma, I have been naughty, I have been in a passion with

nurse; but I am good now: pray, forgive me.

Whose pardon must Marten ask besides mamma's?

O, I will go and ask nurse to forgive me; and I will give her a kiss, to shew her that I love her.

That will be right: but is that all that Marten must do? Who is it that is displeased with us when we are passionate?

Papa will not be pleased, I know; for papa is never in a passion. Pray, mamma, tell him I am good.

If Marten is wishing to be

good, I will tell him a story about his little cousin Charles.

Do, dear mamma; I love to hear about cousin Charles.

—Little Charles had been one day in a passion; and after he was put to bed, his mamma went into his room to wish him a good night: but she did not sing to him the hymn which he loved, about his going to heaven; but she talked to him about that sad place where wicked people go, and the fire which is always to burn them.

Pretty Charles began to be very

sorry that he had been in a passion, and had made God angry with him. He got out of bed, and knelt down; and putting his little hands together, he said, "Pray, God, forgive little Charles, and make him good, for Jesus Christ's sake: and pray, mamma, ask God not to let little Charley go any more into passions."

Then his mamma kissed her dear little boy, and sung the hymn he liked. And I have not heard since that Charles has been in a passion. Marten must ask God to for-

give him, as Charles did: and then he shall go with mamma to see Mrs. Clarke, and carry the basket with the pie.



CONVERSATION XII.



LOOK, dear mamma, what a pretty picture there is in the book which Grandmamma has sent me.

Is not this an angel, mamma? I think angels have wings. Where will the angel take that little boy?

Does the little boy seem sorry to go with the angel? No: I think he looks pleased; as if he would

say, "I love you, for you are taking me to a place where I shall never be naughty or sick again." Where can that place be? O, it must be heaven; it must be only where God lives that we can be so happy. I am sure then that this is a good little boy, or the angel would not take him to God: for naughty children must go where wicked people are; and Jesus Christ will not take any but his lambs to heaven.

I should like to hear about this little boy, if dear mamma will tell me.

This pretty child was not a great deal older than Marten: we will call him Henry. He loved his papa and mamma dearly, and always did what they bid him. He said that his papa and mamma were a great deal older and wiser than he was, and knew better what was right; for they could read the Bible, which God had ordered to be written to teach us what is right.

Henry used to say, "I love to say my prayers, because God is kind to me, and has promised to give me what I ask to make me good."

Henry loved to talk of heaven, and of going to Jesus Christ; and he could say some pretty hymns, which tell us about heaven, and about good children who are gone to God.

One day poor little Henry became very ill. He told the doctor, that he would take any physic that was given him; because he should like to be well again, that he might be a good child to his papa and mamma, and learn to read his Bible, and learn more about God. But he said, "If I die, I think God will take me to

heaven, though I have many times been naughty: for Jesus Christ died to save me from God's anger; and I am very sorry that I ever did any thing to make God angry. O, if I go to heaven, I shall never make God angry again; but I shall love him more dearly than I ever loved my dear papa and mamma, and he will love me; and I shall never go from him; but you, my dear papa, and mamma, and sister, will come to me there; and we shall all be glad to see one another, and we shall always live together with God, and with Je-

sus Christ, who died that we might live with him in heaven.”

Henry did not get well again: he died, and God sent an angel to take him to heaven.

If we are good, God will send his angel sometime for us: but we must pray to God to make us good, and forgive us for being naughty, for Jesus Christ’s sake.

FINIS.



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